

probably been sleeping, and walked toward me and the fire. She was a model of ugliness and

"I feel sick hanging over her forehead and splashing my ankles," she said, and looked mildly reproachful as she stood there shivering in cold, and stretched out her thin body under the first of the steps to step to give her feet a little more room. She had left the old creature-room, but on my first attempt to quit the chimney-place, the dog growled, and so, I turned toward him, his eyes sparkling with sympathy that I thought they were I was, and not anger him unnecessarily. The woman now turned her face to me, and as she gazed fixedly on me for a moment, whispered a few hurried words in a language which I did not understand as yet.

"What a pity," I thought to myself, "I find I do not understand a little French either." I looked carefully at the old woman, trying to find out from her gestures what she really meant. Greatly as she hated me, she began to look at me timidly toward the door, and hesitating at the same time to the table.

"I can't understand you," I said, in the final phrase, hoping she would understand me any more.

"Hush!" the creole said, quickly and fear-

"The old woman by my side, went up angrily at her, and spoke harshly in the same unknown tongue. The woman, who was sitting next me, crasped herself more closely in her old cloak, lay down again in her corner. The Jew looked pleasantly at the old woman and said: "Don't bother about the old girl; she is quiet and harmless; but not quite right here," he said, pointing to his forehead. When we were alone, he said to her to come to the door. When strangers visit me, which is seldom enough, she must keep in her corner. But here," he pointed to a loudspeaker in the middle of the room, "to eat—bread and Monaster cheese, I have brought from Strasbourg, and a famous glass of brandy, which will do you more good, I fancy, than the rest of the room. I will sit down at his time. Ah, I see it's boiling, and I'll mix on a glass of punch in the meanwhile. So, now, go to the table, and I will be with you in a moment." "I was really almost starving, and yet I could not swallow anything. That confounded dog at his eyes still fixed so dangerously upon me.

"The dog won't hurt you," said the Jew,

"But if I had stirred while you were out of the room, he would have sprung at me," I said, rather angrily.

"It's an old dog," the man continued, with a smile, "and hasn't a tooth left in his head; but he often pretends to be savage. The time is long past since he bit any one, and you can go on and put him to the test."

However, I did not feel the slightest inclination to try the experiment; I therefore proceeded to the table, and cut a bunch of bread and butter, while the other two stood near the fire, and, after shaking something out of the tin into the glass, poured the water upon it.

"That's all," he said, "and now you may as well now, put in as much brandy as you like, but the stiffer the better, for it will keep you from catching cold."

"What have you put in the glass, my friend?" I asked, as I held the glass to the fire.

"Sugar and water; the sugar is good, and takes off the strength of the brandy."

"I'm not so fond of sugar," I replied, suspi-

"N' like sugar! why it's the best part of it," said the Jew, "only taste it, and you'll soon see how good it is."

However, I persisted in throwing the mixture away, and, after carefully washing the glass out, I filled it afresh with water, and poured in some brandy.

"Well, my friend—more," the Jew advised me; "that's not half enough, and won't draw the cold out of your limbs. Why, my old woman will drink stronger punch, if I give it to her."

"Thanks, thank!" I said, as I turned away the bottle, from which the Jew persisted in pouring more into my glass, and I was accustomed to strong drinks, and shall have a headache to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow! I'll guarantee you against that," the old man laughed to himself; "the brandy is capital, and no one comes here with a headache from it."

I really felt such a shiver come over me at these words, (though, of course, I ascribed it to my wet clothes), and the brandy really tasted

"And now you had better lie down," the Jew said, after removing the braids and other things from the table; "it is late in the night, and your sleep will be disturbed if you do not go to sleep in spite of your hard bed. The best place for you will be here by the fire. Before we go to bed, I'll put on the stove a pot of good soup, by the time that is burnt out, you'll be warm enough. The nights are beginning to grow fresh."

I was glad enough to lie down, so I took up my knapsack, which had dried a little by this time, to serve as a pillow, and the old man brought me a blanket and a sheepskin rug, and I lay down. He had nothing better to offer me, but all his beds were occupied. "But I'll bring you something to keep your feet warm," he added; "that is the thing that is most important. You must be all right again." With these words he took a canvas sack, which appeared to me to be some coarse staves from the chimney nook, and then, bringing it to me, he said, "For I have not done this the first time, requested me to put them in it."

What for the sack? I said in my mind.

"Oh! you'll see how warm that will keep your feet." "Well, I'd rather lay it out over them; that will answer the same purpose." "Not half so good, I tell you," the old man continued, and tried to draw the sack over my feet, but I strenuously resisted. He seemed something so dangerous, in my opinion, in knowing my feet were in the sack, which I could not remove till I was in bed, that I was obliged to spring up in a hurry. If I —? Besides, the old fellow's pressing made me feel uncomfortable and embarrassed. I told you so in my confidence. What reason on earth could he have for insisting on my putting my feet in the sack. However, when the Jew found that I was obstinate, he laid his hands on my shoulders and went back to the fire instead of retiring to bed as I had expected, and sat cross-legged, staring fixedly into the flames. Well, I shut my eyes, and tried to go to sleep, but I could not manage it; the fire burned low, and I could see the old fellow still sitting there, but he said that his eyes were closed, and that he was watching my every movement,

hour, and the strongest feelings came over me. But I could not utter a word, I could not utter a brandy, of course, but why was it so metallic? And my head began to go round, and my eyelids grew heavy as lead. At last, I could stand no longer, and, deterred by the darkness, I was unable to do so; my limbs refused me their service, a veil seemed to be let down over my eyes, and I felt that a deep, irresistible sleep was overpowering me.

How long I lay in this sort of half-dreaming condition I do not know, although I struggled against it, and this untoward accident, the strength of my mind, and should finally have yielded to it, had not a slight sound just at the right moment aroused me. I felt that I was near the door, who was still seated at the fire, moved, gently and noiselessly, it is true; still he got up, and now stood with his face turned toward me. I could not close my eyes, I felt that the odious vision which my fancy seemed to summon up, but at that moment I felt the light, crawling steps of the old nurse, who, I felt, was now drawing nearer and nearer; and when she halpopened my eyes, cautiously enough, lest she

him standing a few paces from me, with the

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